New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1921

Owned by New York Tribune, Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernon Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; R. E. Maxfield, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

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Sticking to the Issue

Mr. Curran's counsel delivered at the ratification meeting of the coalition committee meets with general and appropriate indorsement.

The Tribune finds particular satisfaction in this statement:

> "We must tell what we propose to do, and must put forward a broad, constructive program, without dodging any issue."

Exactly must that be done. The plight of the city demands it; the intelligence of the voters is entitled to no less. Reason commends it. Wisdom approves it.

Again is satisfaction found in this statement of the fusion candidate for the mayoralty:

> "I hope that the effect of the present administration will not be overstated in the campaign."

That strikes the right note. Let those who are sincerely determined to rescue New York from the domination of Tammany and Hearst find inspiration there rather than in the spirit of blind partisanship or anger which bursts into invective at the mere mention of poor John Hylan. There is no place in this campaign for partisanship. There is no place for anger. There is no place for overstatement. Who mistakes this betrays the cause of the decent citizenry of New York.

Poor John is to be pitied, not scorned. He doesn't know, never has known and never will know what it is all about. The wit is not there. He personally is not and cannot be the issue of the campaign upon which the city is entering. There is only one issue, and that is Hylanism—Hylanism, embracing in a collective term all that is understood by Tammanyism and Hearstism—Hylanism, as meaning the arraignment of class against class—Hylanism, as expressing the exploitation of the poor—Hylanism, as representing every phase of ignorance and extravagance in government—Hylanism, as embodying a tradition of organized misgovernment which has existed in this city for a hundred years and more!

Let there be no overstatement. None is required. The facts are enough.

Russian Relief

It is of little practical consequence what the Soviet government of Russia agrees to do or to refrain from doing. Its word is not good. Its chief functionaries have boasted of their adeptness in deliberate lying. A gentleman as well informed as Herbert Hoover knows this, and he is sensible enough to draw the inevitable deductions.

What Mr. Hoover is concerned about is not what Lenine may say, but what he may do, and this concern does not primarily relate to the issue of whether the starvation is ascribable to Bolshevism. This matter has been put aside—in the opinion of many unwisely so—because if Bolshevism is the cause of the starvation the best method of relief seems to be to strike at the cause rather than its effects.

But whether this argument is good or bad it is obvious that the relief administration has not adopted it. It would go into Russia solely to carry on humanitarian work, and for this purpose only. It is dedicated to the job of putting food into Russian stomachs, not to putting ideas into Russian heads. That it sincerely purposes to respect the limits it imposes on itself is not open to doubt.

But to carry on this humanitarian labor freedom of action is indispensable. Soviet control of the distribution of supplies means mystery as to where they will arrive. If Lenine is granted the privilege of throwing relief agents into jail if he happens to frown on them he is likely to abuse it. A man who boasts of his willingness to lie cannot be trusted to avoid stealing, and with Soviet control the American gifts would probably ration Lenine's hungry hired men.

Lenine too much resembles his satellite Bill Shatoff, formerly of Brooklyn, then Chief of Police of Petrograd and lately appearing in the news as grand vizier of the Bolshevik dummy republic in eastern Siberia. Charles R. Crane, returning from the post of American Ambassador to China, bestowed some of his surplus food on the Chita Red Cross, or thought he did. But Shatoff and his soldiers began at once to enjoy square meals. An astute Trojan feared Greeks who came bearing gifts. Mr. Hoover is properly suspicious of leaving any unsupervised goods loose near the Kremlin.

Mr. Hoover is interested in the relief of the famine stricken of Russia. Lenine is interested in something else—so interested that he is not to be trusted to be a faithful almoner. He so strongly believes that he was divinely appointed to rule that he believes it is his duty to hang on any way and any how—even though half of the Russians perish. In his amiable way he is able to demonstrate that too many live in Russia and that it would be much better to have fewer, provided the survivors were all Bolshevists.

Settle!

If the members of the Dail Eireann are interested, as they are said to be, in American opinion concerning the latest phases of the Irish question it should not be difficult for them to arrive at fairly accurate conclusions. The evidence is clear that the great mass of Americans, including a large majority of those of Irish extraction, believe that the present opportunity to settle should be seized—that the British offer embodies about all that can be expected at this time.

De Valera's rhetoric seems to Americans a trifle unreal. His periods lose force because at odds with his conduct. He would die for Irish independence, yet he negotiates with a power that makes no secret of its unshakable determination not to grant it.

Not only is the oratory of De Valera thus quite cold, but even the oath taken by the members of the Dail Eireann is ambiguous—merely declares opposition to any governmental power in Ireland "hostile and inimical thereto." The door is thus open for saying, in regard to any particular government, that it is not rated as hostile and inimical. No, the sticking point is not independence, but Ulster. Were the Ulster question settled a dominion status would be deemed tolerable. The Sinn Féin leaders may prudently proceed on the assumption that the American public perceives this inconsistency and indefiniteness. To rely much on the advice of Frank P. Walsh, who occupies a front seat in Dublin, is of doubtful wisdom. The American people have never reposed any striking degree of confidence in Mr. Walsh, and his interpretations of American opinion are presumptively wrong.

Few reasonable Americans, it may safely be said, fail to understand why Great Britain will not concede to Ireland the right of secession. Neither Andrew Jackson nor Abraham Lincoln, though believers in the principle of self-determination, acknowledged South Carolina's right to quit the Union. We scarcely expect Great Britain, or any other nation, to do what we wouldn't do. Those who have encouraged the idea that this country would bring pressure to bear on Great Britain to consent to the creation of a fully independent and possibly hostile nation out of territories over which a common flag has floated for centuries have hardly been kind to Ireland. The dispute not being our affair, Americans are properly averse to intruding, but if their judgment is sought it seems permissible to give it.

If Wolfe Tone, or Robert Emmet, or O'Connell, or Biggar, or Mitchel, or Parnell, or Redmond had been offered such terms as are now on the table of the Dail Eireann, would they have rejected them? Who will so say? They would have jumped to accept them. Is De Valera the first Irish patriot? Were his predecessors all wrong? And is the result of an election held two years ago, when there was hysteria and the counting was informal and terrorization was general, a sufficient basis for a total disregard of scores of contrary declarations?

Finally, few Americans can see wherein a dominion status implies tyranny. We don't think of the Canadians as oppressed, nor the Australians, nor the New Zealanders, nor the South Africans. It is possible the southern Irish would also find dominionism tolerable.

So the advice of America to De Valera and the Dail Eireann is simple and short: "Settle!"

The Chaperon's Return

An apparently innocent item which recently appeared in The Manchester Guardian must be "viewed with alarm" by all bachelors. It appears that there is now a revival of the chaperon. "The entire immunity from the chaperon," goes on the correspondent, "had led to some regrettable vagaries, and she certainly in some measure has come by her own again."

There are, of course, occasional gentlemen whose resources enable them to support several wives in comparative luxury and to whom the business of taking on another is not fraught with much inconvenience. But, generally speaking, bachelors are hard put to it in these days. Every bachelor, subject to competition, is obliged to maintain some sort of runabout in which to transport his dinner or dance partner; but if there are to be chaperons he will have to have a touring car.

The upkeep of a chaperon is no mean item in these days of high cost of food. The amount of carbohydrates, protein, earth salts and vitamines that may be consumed by a chaperon in the course of an afternoon and evening is by no means to be despised. Is there no way by which the youth of the land can avoid the threatened peril?

Justice

Sport-loving America is not only generous; it is just. And in the calmness of retrospection it will, we believe, not divest itself of that character in the view it adopts of the default of Mlle. Lenglen in the national championship tennis tournament.

Mrs. Mallory was superb, seemingly invincible, a figure to challenge our Yankee pride; and let nothing be said to detract in any degree from her victory at Forest Hills. Yet, in view of the stranger's record, would it not be unjust as well as ungenerous to insist that she was in her true form? Mlle. Lenglen had been compelled to request from mid-ocean a postponement from Monday to Tuesday. She arrived with a cold and to find herself in an atmosphere of Gallic patriotism so extravagant, so intense, as to produce a statement that "her defeat, following that of the great Carpentier, would cast my country into deeper gloom than did the war." She was made to feel as if the fate of France was hers to decide.

As The Tribune then suggested, was not that taking things altogether too seriously? Was it not bordering on the hysterical? Was it not the sort of talk to put nerves on edge—to destroy nerves? Such would be a natural result.

Moreover, may it not be said that if Mrs. Mallory had been herself at Wimbledon and St. Cloud, although she has never suggested that she was not, the champion of France could not have resisted her?

Peter Karageorgevitch

King Peter of Serbia was wont to boast that his grandfather, Kara George, the "Black George" of a century ago, came of sturdy peasant stock and not of royal blood. He was a self-made prince, who had led the first revolt against the Turkish oppressors of Serbia in 1804. His son, Alexander, reigned from 1842 to 1858, and his grandson, Peter, since 1903.

Peter was born in the second year of Alexander's reign, in the days before the Turk had been completely driven out of the Balkans and while Russia and Turkey were still disputing the control of the various nationalities in eastern Europe.

Alexander had succeeded a member of the rival princely house of Obrenovitch, that had risen to power after "Black George" had disappeared. It was an Obrenovitch who led the second revolt against Turkey, in 1817. And so, when another Obrenovitch succeeded Alexander in 1858, it left a deep sense of bitterness against the Obrenovitch family in the mind of young Peter as he went into exile. He took up the profession of arms, some said with the expectation of finally winning back his throne. He was graduated from St. Cyr, the French West Point, and was an officer in the Foreign Legion during the Franco-Prussian War, where he earned the medal of the Legion of Honor.

Of his life during the next thirty years there is little to say. He married the Princess Zorka, daughter of King Nicholas of Montenegro, and lived in exile in France and Switzerland. His two passions seemed to be to oust the family of Obrenovitch and to see Serbia prosper.

When finally, in 1903, the last of the Obrenovitches—King Alexander and his wife, Queen Draga, and various relatives—were murdered in the palace at Belgrade, Peter was named King. Word soon spread that he had had a part in the conspiracy, and feeling ran so high against him that diplomatic representatives were withdrawn from Serbia. But the charge was not supported, and in a short time the old game of international intrigue ceased. Russia and Austria had been playing for Serbian favor, and the Obrenovitches had been under Austrian influence. So Peter favored the Russians, and in return Russia was the first to acknowledge his kingship.

To call Peter merely a pawn in the game of Austrian and German enmity toward pan-Slavism, however, is to belittle the man under whose rule Serbia commenced to prosper. No mere nonentity would have issued the Serbian reply to the Austrian ultimatum at the outbreak of the war. No mere figurehead would have led his troops in person at the age of seventy-one, and then into bitter exile. To taste of many defeats and yet realize his life's two great ambitions without losing his simplicity shows that he must have possessed many of the sturdy qualities of the original Kara George. Where Kara George had failed King Peter succeeded. Not only was the Turkish yoke thrown off, but a triumphant Jugo-Slav state was created, and a Karageorgevitch ruled over the kingdom of the United Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. This was the dream of Black George and the ambition of Peter, which Peter lived to see become a fact.

A Soviet "Party"

The Soviet imperialists are put out because they have not been invited to the Washington conference. So they are going off in a corner to hold a conference of their own. Among those they have asked to go to their "party" are China, Mongolia and the so-called Far Eastern Republic, which is a piece of old Siberia. Strange to say, neither the United States nor Great Britain is invited.

The purpose of this "conference" is to array the interests of Russia in the Far East against those of Japan, America and Europe. The brutal exploitation of Mongolia by the United States and Great Britain is condemned bitterly, while at the same time it is announced that Russia will not withdraw her troops of occupation from Mongolia.

All this hocus-pocus merely serves to raise the question, Are the Soviets really trying to recapture the territories of the ancient Russian Empire? If this is so, and if they succeed, will they admit to the world that they are merely the old Czaristic régime under new names?

"You cannot make peace in Europe until you settle Russia," was the oft-repeated cry in 1919. Must we say to-day instead, "You cannot make peace in the world until you settle Russia"?

Enforcing Amendments

If the Eighteenth Is Upheld, Why Not the Fourteenth and Fifteenth?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The editorial in to-day's Tribune on "The Stanley Amendment" to the anti-beer bill says its purpose "is to make of the guaranty of personal liberty contained in the Fourth Amendment something more than the byword it has been of late among public servants."

What about the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments of our Federal Constitution? Is the guaranty of the right of franchise to the citizens of the United States contained in the Fourteenth Amendment something more than the byword it has been for the last fifty years in all the Southern states? Is violation of the guaranty contained in the Fifteenth Amendment to be rewarded by undue representation in the Congress from all the Southern states?

Are constitutional amendments to be enforced or are they to be defied and nullified? Why all this agitation and worry over the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, when for more than fifty years the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments have been dead letters?

In brief, how can the Congressmen, who take an oath to obey and uphold the Constitution, insist upon the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and oppose the enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments?

Will you please explain—if you can—why it is not the duty of the Congress to pass enforcing legislation to provide for carrying the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments into effect?

JOHN R. WILLIAMS.

New York, Aug. 15, 1921.

Are Ruffed Grouse Decreasing?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: An editorial in your issue of August 14 on "Game and the Nation" refers to some rather remarkable figures in the report of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission. This report, apart from the figures on ducks, which you quote, also gives the number of ruffed grouse ("partridge") killed in a year in Minnesota as nearly half a million. The report of the Pennsylvania Game Commission also gave about this same number of grouse killed in the same period. If these two states give a total of nearly a million, what must the total bag of the United States be, with all New England and so many other states to be heard from?

We look upon Scotland as the country in which the production of grouse has been "scientifically" and highly developed. The shootings there bring enormous rentals. Many real estate firms in London and elsewhere are engaged in making leases of these shootings or moors. The annual bag of each moor is carefully kept, year after year, and rentals are based upon the average bag. Some of these firms publish books containing all these particulars, with records of every moor in Scotland, whether for lease or not. Any one who will take the trouble to foot up the total of all bags of all these moors will find the number of grouse killed in a season is less than 500,000.

If we accept these figures as correct it is difficult to understand the ground for the frequently made statement that grouse are diminishing in numbers in the United States.

W. L. PAXTON.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1921.

"Some One's Else"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Those insisting on "some one's else" being correct seem to overlook the fact that the three words describing a person become in reality one word, a noun. Let them try the word other in place of else and see how it works out.

H. W. STRUSS.

New York, Aug. 13, 1921.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I note the discussion in your columns of "some one's else." I would add that I expect to adopt it when I do the analogus forms, "each's other" and "one's another."

CHARLES UPSON CLARK.

North Hatley, P. Q., Aug. 15, 1921.

A Mild Sport

(From The Cleveland Plain Dealer)

A Spanish professor says that prize fighting is the most brutal of all sports. Bull fighting must be an extremely denatured affair these days.

The Conning Tower

THE COW AND THE AIRPLANES

Above a field where Bossie Moo,
A bovine that I know,
Stood cropping grass, an airplane flew,
Descending pretty low.

Not once did Bossie gaze to see
The wonder overhead,
She kept on eating timothy
And clover sweet, instead.

Zir-r-r! spake the plane (as airplanes should
When cleaving through the air),
But Bossie's hearing wasn't good,
Or else she didn't care.

The plane, offended, lower flew
The bovine to attract,
But all that Bossie did was chew,
A most astounding fact,

For cows but rarely have a chance
To look at things like this;
She should have gladly cast a glance
And deemed it perfect bliss.

But all she did was nibble grass,
Or crop it if you wish,
An attitude that seemed, alas,
The same as saying, "Pish!"

The plane, determined that the beast
Should look, began to roar,
But Bossie, finished with her feast,
Lay down to sleep and snore.

I strive to point no moral by
The story that I tell,
If moral in it you descry
It's yours to keep and sell.

I simply seek to say that when
A masterpiece I write,
(I've given birth to nine or ten)
And editors pay slight

Attention to each classic strain
On which my name I letter,
I think of Bossie and the plane
And feel a trifle better.

EDAR.

What we merrily refer to as our public loses, by default, a set of verses, to have appeared on the occasion of Mlle. Lenglen's winning the tournament. The verses, petulantly torn into a hundred bits, lie in our zinc waste basket.

The Deck Talkers

(Overheard by Katie Spath, on the S. S. Paris)

"Certainly, that's her, she, I mean. Always sounds funny to say that or 'It is I,' don't you think so? Yes, it's Susan Langley, or Longley, or whatever they call it. My husband asked the steward."

"You say it sort of queer, through your nose—Long Ieng—as if there was a g at the end, only you leave it off. You know how funny French is."

"Yes, well, she doesn't look like a champion exactly, does she? You know what I mean, with that veil wound around her head and everything. I said to my husband last night, 'It seems a funny way to bring up a girl, running around the country playing a game and being conspicuous.'"

"I don't know what's got into young people nowadays. I wouldn't let Edith take up tennis; she's too high strung. She's inherited my nerves. They say this Miss Longlong is awfully nervous. The man at our table went up to her yesterday and said: 'I suppose you're going to put it all over our American women.' She looked awfully queer and just said, 'I beg pardon.'"

"Well, I suppose it was the slang. They say she speaks good English, but I guess slang like that would be the last thing you'd learn in a foreign language."

"Then," said the playwright, "they turn on the hero." "I suppose," mad-wagged Mr. Deems Taylor, "the ideal actor for that part would be George Fawcett."

We have read all the things written, all of them written in kindness, about the Lenglen default. It seems to us that she deserves little kindness. Her default was not even graceful; and, speaking as one whose trachea and larynx have been affected to such an extent that a tennis ball scarcely was visible, we know that no throat irritation makes it impossible to shake hands. Mlle. Lenglen flubbed her chance to go down to a legitimate defeat that would have endeared her to the gallery and to the rest of the country, a defeat that would have made friends for the France she professes so to love.

But she did flub the chance. And we doubt whether all the king's automobiles and all the king's chauffeurs can ever put together the shattered—by her—pieces of American admiration that were hers before Tuesday's match. That she lost is not sad; but it is sad that so great a player should be unable to lose.

What the Tuesday crowd at Forest Hills felt when the Lenglen default came was expressed by a woman sitting near us. "Well," she said, "that won't do much to undevastate France."

Or Mollaria.

Sir: They tell us that the defeat of Mlle. Lenglen was partly due to bronchitis, but don't you think it more likely due to an attack of Mallorca?

H. M. LOTT.

Speaking of sportsmanship, in 1915, when William M. Johnston defeated Maurice E. McLoughlin in the final of the national championship, The Conning Tower, next morning, as did most of the gallery at Forest Hills the afternoon before, wept and took on Something Dreadful. Maurie called The Tower by telephone. "Say," he said. "You oughn't to take it so hard."

"It was a matter of great consternation and surprise to her," said Mr. A. Wallis Myers, "that she should have been expected to play the most difficult match of all within a few days of her arrival here." As to it being the most difficult match, that was the luck of the draw; as to playing soon after arrival, there is nothing in the tournament rules that forbade her arriving here—the date of the tournament having been known for many months—two weeks or two months before she landed.

Well, the women's lawn tennis championship will be American.

Including the Scandinavienne.

F. P. A.

HIRAM'S GREAT HELP TO DIPLOMACY

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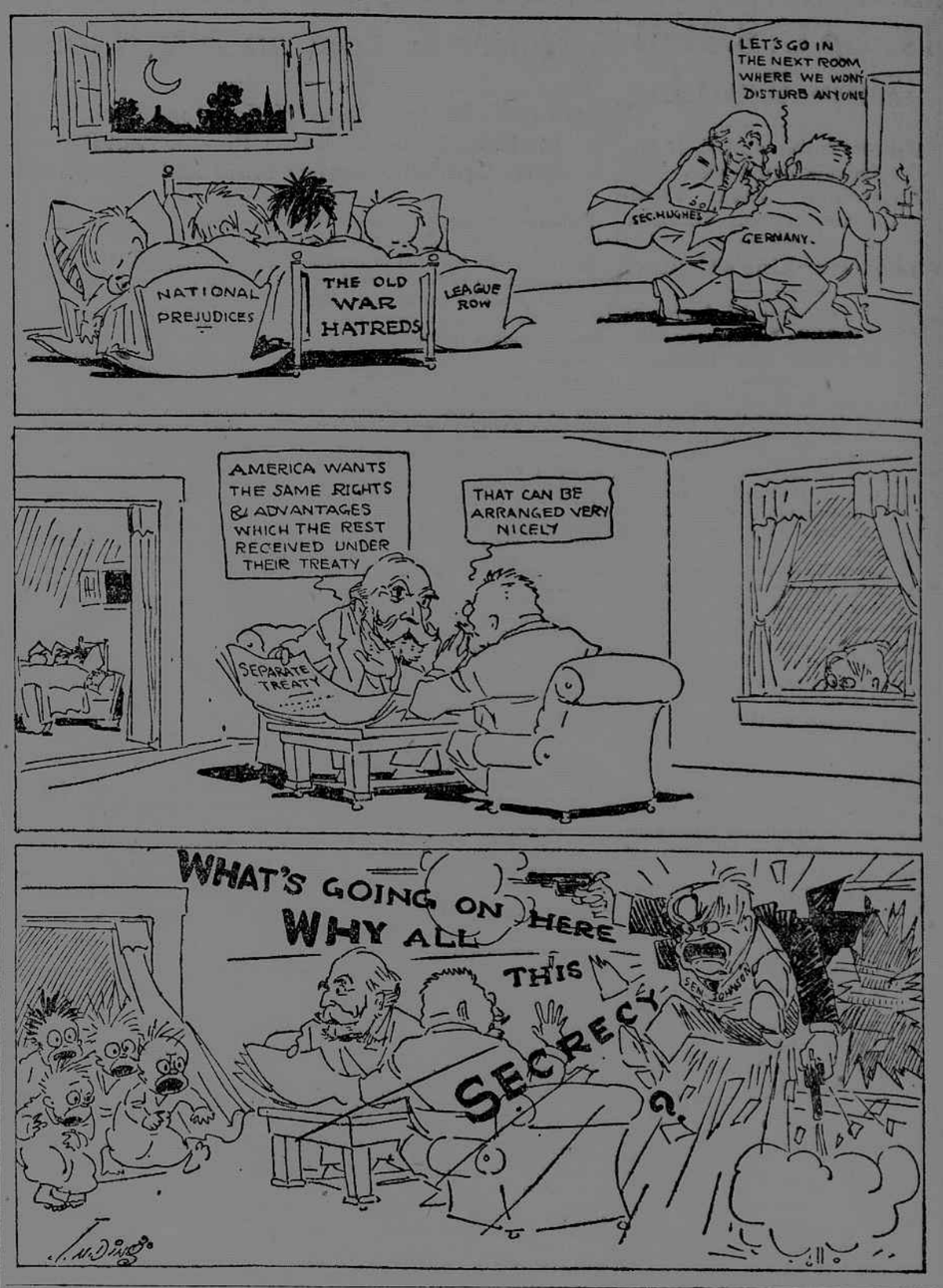

"Already Disarmed"

Can U. S. Delegates to November Conference Claim That One-Plane Navy Is Incapable of Offensive Warfare?

By Quarterdeck

As the date for the conference on disarmament approaches it is astonishing to note that no department of the United States government—certainly not the Department of War or Navy—has given official or unofficial evidence that it realizes the limitations imposed by modern conditions upon the employment of armies and navies in war overseas.

We constantly hear statesmen, as well as officers of the army and navy, advocating preparedness and emphasizing the need of a "strong navy" and a well organized army to "command the sea" and to provide for the emergency of war with nations across the Atlantic or the Pacific. But in all these discussions there has been little or no consideration given to the weapons and the means that would be absolutely essential in carrying war beyond our own shores. The most important elements of a "strong navy" in 1921 have not been recognized. And yet it will not be possible for any conference intelligently to decide questions of disarmament or limitation of armament until the restrictions forced by modern weapons against the use of armies and navies in future intercontinental wars have been fully recognized.

Armies in Overseas War

It is evident that armies will be freely employed in continental wars as in the past. But is it not clear that the perfection of submarines and air forces and the methods of using mines, torpedoes and poison gas may practically prevent the future transportation of large armies over thousands of miles of ocean? In other words, may not intercontinental wars as a rule be waged by navies alone? In this event the problem of disarmament will be simplified, especially so far as the United States is concerned. We may leave armies largely out of consideration. We cannot be invaded. We cannot again invade an enemy nation overseas—if that nation is supplied with modern defensive weapons. For this reason the Borah resolution or any resolution imposing restrictions on naval armament alone would suffice practically to relieve the United States of the burden of preparedness for war. After garrisoning our foreign possessions the size of our army could be determined by the probable demands of war on the American continent. Our army will be small. The conference on disarmament need make no demands for a further reduction.

Our Naval Policy

And now let us consider the navy in its relation to overseas war and to the question of disarmament when our case is presented to the conference.

In formulating our naval policy in the winter of 1920 the Navy Department, the General Board and the naval committees of Congress gave little evidence of a grasp of modern naval science. No admiral on duty at the Navy Department emphasized the need of modern weapons. A few outsiders did so, to be sure, and a corporal's guard of Senators and Representatives in Congress, some of them very tardily, advocated submarines and air forces as supplemental to the battleship. But their voices were drowned, and as a result a surface navy alone was provided for—a navy so devoid of modern weapons that it cannot safely cross the sea!

The sinking of the German ships with bombs has forced the Navy Department and Congress begrudgingly to admit the need of a naval air force. They now propose to build one or two carriers! But this small force will not suffice to give us command of the air against any nation with which we might by any chance go to war. It still leaves our fleet at the mercy of an enemy that has had the good judgment to supply its navy with an adequate air force. Such a puny contribution accomplishes nothing except perhaps to postpone for a few minutes the inevitable defeat of our fleet in a sea battle.

Moreover, the report of the bomb that sank the Ostfriesland had barely died away when we heard the still louder "report" of the board of observers to the effect that the battleship remains the queen of the seas! Paul Jones, when he was told that the captain of the Serapis had been knighted, declared that if he could again meet the gallant Englishman in battle he would promote him to a duke! And so the sinking of the Ostfriesland in twenty minutes, with 2,000-pound bombs, becomes an argument for additional dreadnoughts! Had 4,000-pound bombs been used she might have sunk in ten minutes and the logic of the Navy Department would then have demanded double the number of battleships!

It is not contended that battleships should be scrapped as yet. But it would appear, as a result of the bombing tests, that there must be a change in their design. We have enough of the old type. Air forces and submarines are needed to protect and supplement the surface fleet.

England's Naval Program

The decision of the British Admiralty to build four super-Hoods at this time will, no doubt, be noted by the disarmament conference. It has already given renewed life to the fainting ultra-conservative element in our navy. But England's policy does not justify ours:

1. England is building only four up-to-date ships designed in 1921.
The United States is completing fourteen ships designed years ago!
2. England has an air force.
The United States practically has none.
3. England has airplane carriers.
The United States has none.
4. England is not spending all her money on surface ships.
The United States is spending its money for little else.
5. England has fleet submarines.
The United States has none.
6. England will have a three-plane navy.
The United States will have a helpless one-plane fleet.

Thus there is a wide difference between the policies of England and the United States. England's is up to date. Ours is out of date. If we were to follow England's sensible example we would complete six dreadnoughts, giving us twenty-two, and we would transform the remaining eleven capital ships into airplane carriers.

Reviewing the naval situation as it will be presented to the disarmament conference in November, it will be—it must be—admitted that air forces and submarines *are the principal elements in aggressive overseas warfare as well as in coast defence.* Without these two forces our fleet cannot possibly venture across the Atlantic or the Pacific. Our battleships, with a thin screen of destroyers, and nothing else, resembles an army composed entirely of heavy artillery protected by a weak skirmish line of infantry. Once this vulnerable unarmored screen is bombed off the sea by the enemy air force—and this will be its inevitable fate—the battle fleet will be helpless. It cannot attack airplanes and submarines. It will be at their mercy. It will be a heavily armored naval Don Quixote chivalrously fighting windmills with a lance!

Thus the navy, lacking modern weapons, is practically disarmed today. Conservatism at the Navy Department and in Congress has expended a billion dollars and given us a fleet that cannot cross the sea!

The Conference

The task of our delegates at the disarmament conference will be easy. They can make the following claims:

1. Our army is very small. It cannot cross the sea to attack an enemy.
2. Our navy is disarmed. Having no air force and no cruising submarines it cannot attack a foreign power.
3. The 1916 program, adding to our surface fleet, has not increased its aggressiveness.

Upon this statement of our powerlessness to attack an enemy overseas our delegates can logically make to foreign nations the following declarations and demands:

1. We do not threaten you. Neither our army nor our navy is a menace to you.
2. We have no air force and no submarines with which to attack you.
3. But you, with your submarines and air forces, are a menace to the United States!
4. Our fleet and our coast are at the mercy of submarines and air forces.
5. The United States is disarmed. You, too, must disarm by reducing your submarine and air forces—the only aggressive weapons in overseas war.

Thus it will be seen that, quite unwittingly, conservatism at the Navy Department and in Congress has placed the United States in a strong strategic peace position at the coming conference on disarmament! We cannot disarm any more. We have already disarmed to the limit.

Poison Ivy Riddance

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In answer to your correspondent's request for a method of eradicating poison ivy I can say that I have accomplished it by first pulling the plants with their long lateral roots, using heavy leather gloves and working only in dry weather in the middle of the day, then a week later building a thin brush fire over the bed. An absolutely indelible black ink can be made from the bark and roots of the plant.

I have found that the pale jewel weed, Impatiens pallida, or the spotted jewel weed, Impatiens fulva, when bruised and used as a poultice are a quick cure for ivy poisoning. They are usually found growing within one hundred feet of the ivy, and are also known as touch-me-not, from the seed pods, when touched, dispersing the seeds explosively.

JOHN N. BROWN.

Riverton, Conn., Aug. 14, 1921.